

# ADVICE to the CITY:

Sung to the KING at *Windfor*, to a *Theorbo*.

**R**emember ye *Whiggs* what was formerly done,  
Remember your mischiefs in *Forty and One* ;  
When friend oppos'd friend, and Father the Son,  
Then, then your Old Cause went rarely on:  
The Cap sat aloft, and low was the Crown,  
The Rabble got up and the Nobles went down;  
Lay Elders in Tubs, rul'd Bishops in Robes,  
Who mourn'd the sad fate  
And dreadful disaster, of their Royal Master  
By Rebels betray'd.

## CHORUS.

Then *London* be wise and baffle their power,  
And let 'em play the Old Game no more;  
Hang, hang up the Sh —  
Those Baboons in power,  
Those popular Thieves,  
Those Rats of the Tower,  
Whose Canting Tales the Rabble believes;  
In a hurry  
And never sorry  
Merrily they go on:  
Fy for shame, we're too tame, since they claim  
The Combat:  
Tan tarra rarra, Tan tarra rarra,  
Dub a dub, let the Drum beat,  
The strong Militia guards the Throne.

## II.

When Faction possesses the Popular Voice,  
The Cause is supply'd still with Nonsense  
and Noise,  
And *Tony* their Speaker the Rabble leads on,  
For he knows if we prosper that he must run;  
*Carolina* must be his Station of ease,  
And *London* be rid of her worst disease:  
From Plots and from Spies,  
From Treasons and Lies  
We shall ever be free,  
And the Law shall be able, to punish a Rebel  
As cunning as he.

## CHORUS.

Then *London* be wise and baffle their power,  
And let 'em play the Old Game no more;

Hang, hang up the Sh —  
Those Baboons in power,  
Those popular Thieves,  
Those Rats of the Tower,  
Whose Canting Tales the Rabble believes;  
In a hurry  
And never sorry  
Merrily they go on:  
Fy for shame, we're too tame, since they claim  
The Combat:  
Tan tarra rarra, Tan tarra rarra,  
Dub a dub, let the Drum beat,  
The strong Militia guards the Throne.

## III.

Rebellion we're wanted a Loyal pretence,  
These Villains, swear all's for the good of  
their Prince;  
Oppose our Elections to show what they dare,  
And losing their Charter arrest the Mayor,  
Fool *Je* — was the Captain of the Cuckoldy  
Crew,  
With *El* — and *Jea* — and *H* — the Jew;  
Fam'd sparks of the Town  
For wealth and renown,  
Give the Devil his due,  
And such as we fear, had our Sovereign bird  
there,  
Had arrested him too.

## CHORUS.

Then *London* be wise and baffle their power,  
And let 'em play the Old Game no more;  
Hang, hang up the Sh —  
Those Baboons in power,  
Those popular Thieves,  
Those Rats of the Tower,  
Whose Canting Tales the Rabble believes;  
In a hurry  
And never sorry  
Merrily they go on:  
Fy for shame, we're too tame, since they claim  
The Combat:  
Tan tarra rarra, Tan tarra rarra,  
Dub a dub, let the Drum beat,  
The strong Militia guards the Throne.

F I N I S.